A WELCOME TO THE EDITORS.

[The following poem, by A. M. Thomson, was read at the recent editorial reunion at Milwaukee;]

Ho! brothers of the types and pen—
Good master of the kingly art—
Kind rulers over minds of men—
True sovereigns in the realm of heart:

We greet you with an open palm,
The tables groan with with festive cheer;
I stammer out my rhythmic psalm
Of welcome in your willing ear.

'Tis not upon reluctant hinge
Our doors swing back at your approach;
Warm welcome never can infringe
Upon true friendship's kind encroach.

Sweet June hangs all her banners out,
And decks herself with summer flowers;
With vernal beauty all about,
She scatters joy through all the hours.

The lake lifts toward the azure sky—
The restless waves with crests of white—
And o'er its bosom south winds sigh
Of Nature's calm and pure delight.

So, while the chime of bells is rung,
And pennants stream from every ship,
Your greeting rolls from every tongue,
And thunders forth from cannon's lip.

Ye stand upon life's picket-line,
And guard the camp while others sleep;
The mission is indeed divine,
If faithful to the truth ye keep.

Serve ye the state through bad report,
When all the rabble jeer and lie;
And walk erect with manly port,
Bearing the stings that crucify.

The immortal allies of the Right
Shrink not abashed at error's glance;
But send a challenge for the fight,
And wave their ensigns in advance.

All parties need a higher tone—
To loftier heights the bugles call:
The nations reap what they have sown,
God's certain laws are over all.

If ye who guide the public press
Cease to rebuke the country's wrong;
In days of trial and distress
Her scourge will be a scorpion thong.

Let no man crack about your ears
The party lash—that hateful thong;
Defy those haughty overseers,
And scorn the dictum of the ring.

He needs no trumpet for his fame
God heeds the tender sparrow's fall;
His angels cherish well the name
Of him who comes at duty's call.

'Tis yours to stand by freedom's choice,
And strive forever for the right;
Give justice sturdy help and voice,
And make all tyrants own your might.

Purge out the acid from your ink,
By force of love's kind chemistry;
Before you injure pause and think
How sweet the voice of charity.

Sometimes in party's fierce debate
We seize the smudge of vulgar schools;
But with a higher correlate,
We feel the sway of reason's rules.

And there be those whose will would feign
Rivet the press with bands of steel;
As fair Zenobia bore the chain
That bound her to the tyrant's wheel.

We need more conscience in our laws—
We need less state-craft of the kind
That seeks the rabble's loud applause,
And is to honor wholly blind.

The months flit by, the years fly fast,
The scythe of Time is keen of edge:
Reunions cannot always last,
Nor we redeem hope's laring pledge.

Dear Nature auspicates this day
With genial skies and leafy wood;
Be ours the task to lead the way
In love's sweet arts of brotherhood.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"We ought to tell her," said Mrs. Martin.

"It's our bounden duty," said Mrs. Glenn.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Bright, "I can't see why we should bother ourselves. People never get any thanks for interfering between man and wife."

"I don't want thanks," said Mrs. Glenn; "I think of myself. If Mr. Glenn should conduct himself so while I was away I should think any one my very best friend who let me know about it. To have a creature like that stealing away one's husband's affections and other women keeping their mouths shut, why it's awful—perfectly awful!"

"It would be winking at sin, my dear," said Mrs. Martin.

"Assuredly," said Mrs. Glenn.

"I've often thought all that show of affection didn't amount to anything," said Mrs. Martin. "Mr. Martin never kisses me when he comes home to tea. I've seen Mr. Willis do it right on the front door-step, and then calling her 'dear' so often. All hypocrisy. And to see her so set up by it! And 'My dear husband thinks this,' and 'My husband's opinion is that,' and 'My husband likes me to wear pink,' and all that, as if she was the only wife that was made much of in the world! Nonsense!"

"And I've often said to myself, there'll be a waking up for you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn. "And now you see it has come."

"And very glad you seem to be of it," said Mrs. Bright. "The poor soul has been too happy. For my part it always pleases me to see domestic happiness; and my advice is, don't tell her. It may be some mistake, you know. If it isn't, you'll only make her suffer—"

"Pride goes before a fall," said Mrs. Glenn. "I'm only an instrument. I'm obliged to do the work set before me, even if it humbles her."

"And you'll go with us, Mrs. Bright?" said Mrs. Martin.

"Not I," said Mrs. Bright. "Firstly, I think, in the face of all your evidence, that Mr. Willis is too good a man, and too fond of his wife, to deceive her so; secondly, if it is all true I wash my hands of helping to break that sweet little heart. And if I thought I could talk you out of going I would. Just wait a week or so; think about it awhile, do."

Mrs. Martin shook her head.

Mrs. Glenn smiled sarcastically.

"You always shirk anything disagreeable, my dear," she said. "You have a nature that impels you to take life easily. I have been forced to put my shoulder to the wheel too often, not to do it willingly."

"And I've often said," said Mrs. Martin, "that I revere Mrs. Glenn for that very thing."

They walked out of the room. Mrs. Bright shrugged her fat shoulders.

"A couple of old slander-mongers," she said; "and now they must try to make little Eve Willis uncomfortable."

Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Glenn boarded, with their husbands, at the fashionable establishment of Mrs. Roger Black. Mr. and Mrs. Willis lived next door, and all of them attended the same church. Either the latter pair were peculiarly fond of each other, or were more disposed to show their fondness than most people are; but certainly they were known as a model couple. He was a handsome, tall, black-whiskered man of forty. She was a petite blonde of twenty-two or twenty-three. Evidently, no man was so wise, so great, so perfect in her eyes as her husband. Evidently no woman was so charming to him as his wife.

Now, there are a good many women to whom this sort of thing is gall and wormwood. They cannot bear to see it, and they break it up if possible. All the flirts in the congregation had tried to do this and had failed. All the sour matrons whose married lives were spent in spats and squabbles sneered at the happy pair, and declared that this wouldn't last long. But it had lasted for five years, and not a flaw had been discovered in the conduct of either, until, one bright summer, when Mrs. Willis having left home on a visit to her sister, a very pretty young lady arrived at a neighboring hotel, and Mr. Willis—yes, Mr. Willis, no other—was seen to devote himself to her in a way that was positively shocking. Yes, positively terrible. For Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Martin, who took to going about in waterproof cloaks and hoods after dark, had not only seen Mr. Willis take ice cream with this young lady, but were ready to swear that he kissed her at parting, and on more than one occasion was seen to put his arm about her waist.

This had gone on for three weeks when Mrs. Willis returned home; and now, as the lady was unpacking her trunks in her pretty room next door, the two watchers had determined to inform her of her husband's infidelity, and no task could have been more pleasant to them.

Dressed in their best, and armed with parasols and fans, they watched Mr. Willis' departure from the house with eager eyes, and then hastening downstairs, almost ran up the steps of the house next door, anxious to meet the happy face they hoped to change to one of misery.

Mrs. Willis came smiling down-stairs to greet them.

"Thank you for coming to see me so soon," she said. "It does seem as though I'd been away from home a whole year—Mr. Willis says it seems five to him—and yet I've been enjoying myself *ever* so much."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Martin.

"Yet happiness is fleeting," said Mrs. Glenn.

They spoke so solemnly that Mrs. Willis thought that something unpleasant must have happened to one of them.

"Every one well, I hope?" she said more gravely.

"Quite," said Mrs. Martin, with a sigh.

"Anything new?" said Mrs. Willis.

"No," said Mrs. Glenn. "People are as wicked as ever, and that is as old as Satan."

"Mrs. Black has been over-charging her for extras, or the chambermaid has let the milkman kiss her," thought Mrs. Willis.

"And what fine weather we are having," she added aloud.

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin, with a little groan, "I often think of those lines in the hymn:

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only *man* is vile."

"How vile man is sometimes," said Mrs. Glenn.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Martin.

"I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Glenn had been flirting with some one," thought Mrs. Willis.

"I have the photographs of all sister Sara's children," said Mrs. Willis. "I'll show them to you if you like. They are pretty creatures."

"Thank you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn; "but our hearts are very full of serious thoughts just now. We are thinking too much of evil hearts to care to look at innocent children's faces. We have come to tell you something, Mrs. Willis."

"I knew something was on her mind," said the unsuspicious woman to herself; but she merely gave a little bow and looked attention.

"You are young, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Martin.

"Comparatively young," added Mrs. Glenn.

"And you don't know yet how very wicked this world is," said Mrs. Martin.

"Ah! no," said Mrs. Glenn.

"Nor what men are," said Mrs. Martin.

"You don't often faint, do you?" asked Mrs. Glenn.

"I—never," said Mrs. Willis.

"That is well," said Mrs. Martin. "I fear we will agitate you very much."

Mrs. Willis began to look grave.

"No accident has happened," she faltered, "Mr. Willis—I saw him leave the house ten minutes ago—nothing has?"

"As far as we know, Mr. Willis is perfectly safe and well," said Mrs. Glenn, severely.

"Mrs. Willis, I feel it my duty, as a member, to warn you that we should not have earthly idols. Your one thought appears to be your husband. There are other people to whom terrible things could happen."

"And idols of clay may easily be shattered," said Mrs. Martin.

"One naturally thinks of one's own first," said Mrs. Willis.

"I am sure I shall be distressed to hear that any one has met with a misfortune."

"We all meet with misfortunes sooner or later," said Mrs. Glenn; "and again I say you think too much of one sinful man."

"I am not aware that I have requested advice on the subject," said Mrs. Willis; "and I scarcely think a woman could love so good a husband too well, or honor him too much."

"Good!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn, "how do you know he is better than any other man—that he is not even untrue to you?"

Mrs. Willis started to her feet in indignation.

"How dare you—" she began.

"Stop," said Mrs. Glenn. "We have come to speak, and will speak. It is our duty to unmask a hypocrite."

Mrs. Willis, scarlet with anger, remained standing.

Mrs. Martin began to look very happy. Mrs. Glenn even smiled.

"My dear friend," she said, "we believe that you ought to know that you are dreadfully deceived. While you have been absent your husband has devoted himself to another lady—a *beautiful* girl—who arrived at the hotel almost immediately after your departure. We have seen him kiss and embrace her—have we not, Mrs. Martin?"

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Martin. "She is, perhaps, sixteen years old—a dark beauty. It is quite absurd to think dark men admire light ladies most. She is as dark as he is, and very beautiful."

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Glenn. "Lovely outwardly. I think she must be French. It is quite terrible. We feel it to be so; but we found it necessary to do our duty and inform you at once."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Willis, in a choked voice, as she covered her face with her handkerchief. "I hope," she said after a moment's silence, "that you will not hesitate to repeat this in the presence of Mr. Willis. Of course you are not afraid to speak the truth before any one. If you will wait, I will send for him, I will not be long."

She still kept her face hidden, but her agitation was evidently great.

"I must insist upon your presence," she said, in faltering accents; "and if I separate from Mr. Willis, I shall need you for witnesses. Wait one moment. I will send for him."

This was rather more than the ladies had bargained for, but retreat was impossible. Mrs. Willis left the room, and returned with her face still hidden in her handkerchief. There was silence in the room, and as the time passed on, Mrs. Martin began to wish herself safely at home, but Mrs. Glenn was of sterner stuff and braved the matter out much better.

Half an hour passed; then a latch-key was heard in the hall-door. It opened. Mrs. Willis still concealed her face. A step—nay, the steps of two persons crossed the hall. The parlor-door opened, and Mr. Willis strode in, followed by a young lady—the very young lady who had been the subject of their communication—a pretty girl, and very like Mr. Willis himself.

And now, Mrs. Willis arose with a face as bright as it had ever been in all their remembrance of its brightness and turned toward them.

"Ladies," she said, "allow me to introduce my step-daughter, Adele Willis. She has been with her grandmother in France, until lately. You know, or do not know, that Mr. Willis's first wife was a French lady, and she has just come home to us. As I was absent the hotel was pleasanter for her than the empty home, and so she has staid there until to-day. She is just fourteen. The ladies thought you quite sixteen, you are so tall, Adele; and I am very, very glad to have her with me."

Mrs. Glenn arose; so did Mrs. Martin.

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Martin; "delightful, of course," and hurried out of the room.

"A good motive should atone for a mistake," said the brave Mrs. Glenn. "I hope you'll bear no enimity."

"None at all," said Mrs. Willis. "I have been very much amused."

But Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Martin were not amused, I fear; and that very night they quarreled so violently about the matter, each blaming the other as instigator, that neither ever spoke to the other again.

ANECDOTES OF NOTED WITS.

The following anecdotes, the wit in which invariably passes the bounds of politeness, are quoted in "Anecdote Lives of Later Wits and Humorists," by John Timbs: While Lord Norbury was arguing a point with Curran, and talking very loudly, an ass brayed from the street adjoining the court-house, to the constant interruption of the Chief Justice. "What noise is that?" exclaimed his lordship. "Oh, my Lord!" retorted Curran, "it is merely the echo of the Court." "Curran," said a Judge to him, whose wig being a little awry, caused some laughter in court, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head, my lord," was the reply. Curran was sometimes paid in his own coin, as on one occasion, when he pressed Godwin for his opinion of a speech he had just delivered. "Since you will have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms and leaning back in his chair with *sangfroid*, "I really never did hear any thing so bad as your prose, except your poetry, my dear Curran!" Douglas Jerrold's wit was often exerted in this kind of way, amusing enough to bystanders, but mightily unpleasant to the butt. Thus, a member of his club, hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed, "That always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Jerrold. Again, after a supper of sheeps' heads, an enthusiastic gentleman exclaims, "Well, sheeps' heads forever, say I." Jerrold: "There's egotism!" Again, when a man told him he thought he should have died of laughter at some practical joke, Jerrold replied, "I wish to heaven you had!" a remark suggested, perhaps, by Cowper's couplet—

"He thought he should have died, he was so bad;
His peevish bearers almost wished he had."

Archbishop Whately never spared his joke for the sake of the sufferer on whom it was inflicted. "Pray sir,' he said to a loquacious prebendary, who had made himself active in talking at the Archbishop's expense when his back was turned, "pray, sir, why are you like the bell of your own church-steeple?" "Because," replied the other, "I am always ready to sound the alarm when the church is in danger." "By no means," replied the Archbishop, "it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue!"

TRAPPING MICE.

A correspondent in the *Journal of Pharmacy* says: "Having noticed mice in our seed-barrels, I bethought me how I might entrap the little intruders. I thought of saturating a piece of cotton with chloroform and throwing it in, then closing the lid. On raising it again in a few minutes, I would find that life had almost or quite departed. Having on one occasion left the piece of cotton in the barrel, on again returning I found three mice with their heads in close contact with it and dead. In the evening I saturated another piece and placed it in the barrel, and, on opening it the next morning, to my surprise I found nine dead mice.

It is estimated that the amount of indebtedness owed by the nation, by States, municipalities, corporations and individuals of the country is about eight billions. The amount of gold in the United States, at the present time, is said to be not over one hundred and fifty millions.

DEATH AND COALS.—On the average of the last six years the loss of life in English coal mines, by explosions and other accidents, amounts to one death for every 100,000 tons of coal, not to mention injuries of a more or less serious character.

THE names of victories may be erased from our battle-flags; but SILVER-TIPPED Shoes will never become obsolete. They are a national institution.

A BAD omen—To owe men money.